PIGS FOR PROFIT.

The Proper Way of Caring For and Managing Growing Porkers.

I once knew of a bunch of pigs which ran in a field, ate grass, and rooted a little; were fed a little shelled corn scattered on the ground, and two meals of a slop made of water and wheat middlings. There were nearly a score of them, and they were thrifty and pictures of health. They slept under a shed all enclosed, except an open door in the middle, through which they entered. Their bed was dry, and a fresh lot of straw once in awhile made it inviting. Here was a real pig paradise, and the sprightly ways and bright looks of the inmates were proof beyond dispute, of comfort, health and rapid growth.

By-and-by winter came. The shed was required for sheep, and the pigs were shut in a large building with a lot of straw put in one corner for a bed, and the rest of the space for a feeding place, and other uses natural to the pigs. Outside of the bed and around the troughs the place soon became wet and muddy, and this wet and muddy condition soon extended over the bed; and if a new lot of straw was thrown upon it, in one day it would become saturated. Here the pigs would pile upon each other, and the steam would rise from the mass of uncomfortable and struggling animals until each one was hot and wet.

The pigs were fed twice as much grain as they had had while in the field and shed, but still there was no visible gain. They all looked gaunt and staring. In a few weeks they began to cough, and some of them to pant, showing an affection of the lungs, or at least more or less congestion. Not long after the weaklings began to die. They would be found under the pile, smothered. These cases of death were not those of cholera, but of a disorder known as stupidity. It is a disease which rages among the owners of live-stock more than with the animals, but unfortunately the animals suffer the most. This man got the scales off his eyes, saw things as they were, and reasoned out a better plan.

He put the pigs in lots of five, graded according to size. He gave each lot a pen by themselves, and room to eat and move about, in one place, and a bed in another. The bed was always dry and the place warm. The pigs which were not too far gone recovered, and the rest began to grow and did well. Here are practical lessons, which apply the world over, and the reader can judge regarding them. A more careless man, and one indifferent to the comfort of his animals, would have left things as they were, and no doubt would have lost all his pigs in a short time. There are many cases of just such management with hogs which result fatally, and are ascribed to cholera or some contagious disorder.

I am satisfied that hogs should never be kept in a hot or close place, or in a basement where the manure is put. A farmer recently consulted me about putting his hog-pens under his barn in an extended basement. His plan was to drop all of the manure from the barn and cow stables into this basement, and let the hogs live on it and work it over.

This would make the place damp and more less wet under foot, the very conditions unsuited to swine, as it was the intention of the owner to wall it all in, so that it would not freeze. It is not necessary that a pig house should not freeze, but it is necessary that the air should be free from dampness and the chilliness which is connected with a cellar, or a warm, damp place. Hogs are very susceptible to colds, both inward and outward, and to rheumatism. I believe it is a law, which can not be broken with impunity, that the human species will become sick when confined to damp quarters. The results are just the same with swine. The air must be dry and pure; above ground is the only place to keep hogs. Hogs do not mind the cold, if they can be dry and clean, and can get into a good bed where they can partially cover themselves. The bed should always be located where no drafts or currents of air will blow upon them. They never do well when this is the case, and much of the sickness of hogs is due to such exposure.

A pig does not perspire like a horse, and on this account it should never be driven fast or chased by dogs. It only takes a little hurrying to get a pig very much heated, and often fatal results will follow. If an overheated pig is exposed to the cold, it will cool too suddenly, and be likely to have a turn of congestion in some vital part. They will often worry each other to a degree that is dangerous from overheating. In hot weather I have saved a hog which was fleshy from dying when overheated (by others chasing and fighting it), by hauling it to a cool place and throwing water on it. As soon as it could walk it was made to move about a little, and then left in a cool place.

When a hog opens its mouth to get a greater supply of air it must be let alone, or it will die from excessive heat internally. It must be remembered that a few degrees of extra heating will be liable to melt the fatty coverings to its internal organs; hence no time should be lost in making it cooler when it is found suffering from excessive heat. I have never had hogs do as well as when they came out of doors to eat, and had no protection other than a snug little building running north and south fifteen feet, with a door at the south end and the bed at the opposite. The width was only eight feet. The sty and yard were so located that the cold winds did not strike either. These simple accommodations have afforded me the best results in wintering young pigs, and they would be equally as good for older ones. The floor of the sty, which is simply the earth, has been raised above all soakage, or possibility of wet, and the sides and end of the building make a surrounding for the pigs to lie against and to keep the bed in place. A large sty is not necessary, and I should much prefer a number of small ones, with separate yards, rather than an extensive one. They might all be made with one continued roof, but the partitions should be frequent. The manure and all of the droppings can be saved by carting out the earth inside for a depth of a foot or more, and also on the outside in the yard. A fresh supply of earth will fill up the space, to be again taken away. With a plank floor, unless it is tight, the amount of fertilizer wasted underneath, and not to be reached, is very great. If saved, it will swell the profits.—*F. D. Curtis, in Country Gentleman.*

FOREST PRESERVATION.

A Topic That Vitally Touches the Prosperity of the American People.

No nation under the sun was in times of peace ever so wasteful as our own. The increasing ease of securing a supply of food has tended for some hundreds of years, if not thousands, to render human beings less economical of means and careful of methods. The older races, like the Chinese, never waste; to them every thing has its use. But we have destroyed as much as we have produced. Forests, that nature raised by the labor of a thousand years, we have burnt up in a day. Civilization has invented the phrase clearing up, which means wanton removal of all things that stand in the way of our immediate needs. Where vast stretches of oaks covered millions of acres it is difficult to find a single grove or a single tree; but how inestimable such remains are when found! It is not wholly from the utilitarian standpoint that we look, but the æsthetic. These are like their surroundings. If it be undesirable to dwell in the forest, it is still more undesirable to dwell without the companionship of trees. But as a matter of economy and physical necessity we are compelled to have sympathy for and with the vegetable world. Our destiny, in common with the whole animal kingdom, is identified with the plant kingdom. In the struggle for existence, from the outset, there has been a mutual interdependence of all living things. If we destroy the trees we injure our own progress and prospects. In the present economy of nature, protoplasm, or the basis of life, can only be created by the plant kingdom; from it we receive the same at second hand. But our existence is dependent on trees and plants in many other ways, and always has been. The earliest human races were littoral, or shore-dwellers. They had no tools to work their way through forests, nor weapons to cope with the denizens of the forest. But with increase of the art of making tools human beings left the shore and roamed the forests as hunters. To the hunting races the destruction of trees was the destruction of their means of existence. The North American Indian saw only starvation in the white man's unsparing axe.

Civilization has brought us into even closer relation to trees, and more intimate dependence on vegetation. The equilibrium of the air, adjusting the proportions of carbon gases for our healthy existence, depends on trees. Malaria is not caused, but prevented, by a judicious proportion of forest land. Prof. Shaler takes up the case with great energy to show that the most serious result following the destruction of our forests will be the consequent loss of soil, turning vast areas into deserts. "Already a large part of many fertile regions has been sterilized in this fashion; and each year a larger portion of our infinitely precious heritage of soil slips into rivers and finds its way to the sea, because we have deprived it of the protecting coating of vegetation." We have also to consider the immense vegetable deposit which is yearly added to the soil where forests abound. Our own culture takes from the soil, on the contrary, more than it gives. So the waste from rain is greater in tilled soils than in wooded lands. In forests the soil is ever deepening; in open lands ever decreasing. This evil we must endure, but should be careful not to aggravate. The amount of soil now swept away annually is actually clogging the large rivers, compelling them constantly to change channels. The argument of Prof. Shaler is pressed to show that no man has such a right in soil that he may be wasteful of it, or use it for the disadvantage of his neighbors. Government, he holds, should interfere to prevent waste of forests.

This question of forest preservation has been more or less considered by several of the States, but in fact, apart from the encouragement of tree planting, little has been done in a systematic manner to regulate the use or prevent the waste of trees. Our relation to the vegetable kingdom grows even more intricate, and our serious dependence more emphasized constantly, since the demands of civilization for timber and fuel increase, and must increase.

At present the greatest loss in the way of forest destruction is from fires caused by locomotives, malice or carelessness. Some of the railroads have already taken action to prevent the recurrence of the evil from locomotive sparks. The plan adopted is to clear away all timber growth for one hundred feet on each side of the track. A furrow is then run along the outer edge of this space and the whole kept mowed and clean. The loss from timber fires is not less than an average of two million dollars per State annually. This is wholly preventable.

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

Southern Darkies Who See an Omen in Nearly Every Animate Object.

The belief has prevailed among the Southern negroes for many years that the hand of a dead friend will bring continued prosperity to its possessor, and no doubt if the many colored graveyards in that section were made to give up their dead the skeletons of not a few would be found to be minus the right hand. The Southern blacks also believe that the big toe of a deceased friend, carried on the person, will keep away disease, and that the toes of an enemy can be used as charms to conjure their living enemies. Thus it is they originated the lines:

Wid dis boney toe,
I'll bring dem woe,
'Fore daylight in de mornin'.

Voudoo doctors—and there are plenty of them in the Southern States—carry on an extensive traffic in human bones and other portions of the body. They use the skull to perform a mystic ceremony for the sick, or to bring luck to a poverty-stricken family; the ears are employed in another ceremony, the outcome of which is to find out what your enemies are saying about you, and the other bones all have a mission to perform while the voudoo is humbugging his victim. The voudoo doctor is usually a naturally smart darky, with a good flow of conversation, and as much inventive genius as a Bowery confidence man. In Washington of late the voudoos have become rather scarce, as the police arrest them as vagrants whenever they put in an appearance.

The country negroes in South Carolina, Georgia and portions of Florida have a very pretty and somewhat poetical superstition. During the stillness of the night, when the gentle swaying pine trees are singing their weird requiems, whole families will sit about their cabin doors and listen intently to this music of the forest. In its changing melody they hear the voices of dead friends predicting good or evil for the future or revealing secrets of the tomb.

No reward could induce the negro surfmen on the North Carolina coast to walk along the beach at night, especially during a storm, when the lightning is flashing and the huge white-capped breakers come sputtering in on the sandy beach. They imagine they can see in the phosphorescent light the forms of sailors who were lost at sea, riding in astride of the huge billows. On account of this superstition it has been found impossible to induce negro coastmen to enter the life-saving service, no matter how well adapted they may be for the work. The tedious night patrol along the desolate seashore is what they object to. The average seashore negro would almost rather die than to encounter the vague form of a departed sailor man in the surf or on the beach.

There are many minor superstitions among the colored people. If a cow stops in front of a house and bellows it is a sure sign that some one on the premises will die. If the cow bellows twice the party marked for dissolution will die in two days, two weeks or two months. Should the animal bellow five times, which is a rare occurrence, a death will occur in less than one week. When a cock enters the house and crows therein, it means that the family will have visitors. To crow just outside the door indicates that the residents of the house will be suddenly called away on a mission. Sometimes an overfed hen will make a sound which resembles the faint crowing of a young rooster. This is regarded as an evil omen, and the luckless hen is always decapitated when the owner is at all superstitious. Scientists say the sound is caused by indigestion. The darkies have a verse they repeat in this connection. It is this:

A whistling woman
And a crowing hen
Will never come
To any good end.

The owl usually hoots three times. When this uncanny bird forgets itself and increases the number of hoots to four or five, the plantation negroes regard it as an omen of sickness, starvation or death. To kill a cat means that the person who did the killing will have seven years of bad luck. To catch a water-snake on your fishing-line is a sure sign that your enemies are trying to entrap and kill you. Thus the negroes say:

Catch a snake,
Let him go,
For death is a comin'
Sho and sho.

To see a flock of crows hovering about your house is a very bad sign, and to drop your Bible while going to church indicates that the devil is after you. To see three white horses at the same time is an omen of death, and to find a toad frog in your path is a certain sign that a marriage will shortly take place in your family. The average Southern darky sees an omen for good or evil in nearly every animate and inanimate object, and they believe in these omens almost as religiously as they do in the Bible.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

—A young man who was about to enter a drinking saloon suddenly stopped, and with a set look upon his face walked rapidly away. "Sir," said an old gentleman who had observed his movements, "you fill my heart with joy. You have resolved never to enter that accursed place again." "I won't at present, at least, sir," responded the youth; "you see it suddenly occurred to me that I owe the proprietor seventy-five cents."—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Why, how very quiet it is here!" exclaimed a visitor at the Philadelphia mint, in great surprise. "Didn't you expect it to be quiet?" asked the attendant. "No, indeed! I have always heard that 'Money talks.'"—*Exchange.*

A BABY GIRL'S PRANKS.

How She Won the Hearts of the Occupants of a Railway Car.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked about in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride in the cars. Then, as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned, but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of the old maid in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said: "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing black eyes of the baby, and when she turned back her face had lost the angular, strained look of disappointment, and she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time, business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls, and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, but he was at a loss to account for the frowns of every body. He had failed to notice the baby, which every one was now interested in. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he in playing peek-a-boo. The old maid in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old maid's cheek.

It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear. The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once, the old maid returned the caress she had received, and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which every one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off, and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time. They lapsed into silence.

They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car. Business men had forgotten for a while their schemes for the day, the girls had omitted to follow up their train of thoughts about that new dress and the fellows had left off thoughts of base ball and looked into the future when they would call a sweet girl of their acquaintance "wife," and perhaps have just such a little piece of sunshine playing on their knee. Every body was better for the presence of that baby, and its happy face was pictured in many thoughts that day as men pored over columns of figures or talked abstractedly of stocks and securities.—*Newburyport (Mass.) News.*

Yankee Shrewdness.

A Northern shoe merchant set up a shop in Vicksburg several years ago, and buying his stock of the manufacturer he had always dealt with, without reference to any peculiarities among his new patrons, found himself loaded with an absolutely unsalable lot of shoes. At first he thought his case was hopeless, and then noticing that the few small numbers he had were too small really for the people that called for them, he tumbled to the real state of the case. The Vicksburg ladies were greatly gratified at his diplomatically loud avowals that he had bought his stock all wrong through ignorance of the tininess of the Southern foot, and when he at considerable expenditure of time and ingenuity, managed to mark a large part of his stock over again and invited them to come and see his goods bought for little feet, he drove a good trade, and he says saved himself from bankruptcy. As a fact, however, he did have a few boxes of advanced sizes for which he had no call whatever.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A woman who had recently married a rich man, and put on a good deal of style, meeting an old servant of her father's family, asked: "Do they miss me at home now?" To which the servant replied: "Law, no. They don't Miss you at all. You're only plain Maria, at home, just as you always was."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A PRISON SHOE-SHOP.

How the Convicts Work in the Virginia State Penitentiary.

One visit made by members of Post five of Lynn while at Richmond was of unusual interest, and a slight description of it will no doubt be interesting. The visit referred to was that enjoyed by a very few to the Richmond penitentiary. This old-time prison is one of the oldest buildings of its kind in the United States. It was built in 1797 and now contains eight hundred and eighteen prisoners, four-fifths of whom are blacks. All are clothed in prison uniform. The youngest prisoner within the walls is a colored boy, thirteen years old, who is serving a life sentence for the murder of his brother by shooting.

As many of our citizens know, the industry of the penitentiary is shoemaking; the work is controlled by and is for a shoe company of Lynn, Mass., and a great amount of work is executed, forty to fifty cases of shoes being turned out per day. The large prison is really a mammoth shoe shop, as no other work is carried on there. Every branch of the work is kept by itself, and each room and the prisoners therein are in charge of a foreman and overseer. The foreman pays his whole attention to directing the work, while the overseer's duty is to preserve order, enforce the rules of the institution, only as far as his room goes, however, and only for such length of time as his men are in his room doing their work.

Every prisoner, when he has learned one branch of shoemaking, is required to do a stint. Some learn quickly, and soon become fine workmen, performing their duty in quick time, and then take half a day's rest. Others, in the same line of work, require all day to do the certain number of pairs expected of them. A certain length of time is given beginners in which to work before the stint is given. In case the novice shows a disposition to do his best, and still does not perform the required amount of work per day, because of his lack of experience and practice, he receives a warning, and an additional suggestion, perhaps, and finally becomes able to perform the amount of work assigned him. On the other hand, if a man will not learn, or refuses to do the number of pairs required, he is taken by the overseer to a place of retirement, held over a barrel by two convicts and given a certain number of lashes on the back. After this there is little or no trouble.

The whipping is done with a single leather lash. Punishment ranges from five to thirty-nine lashes, the latter number being but seldom administered, and only in cases of very serious misdemeanor. An occasional spoiling of a shoe while in course of manufacture calls for a reprimand from the overseer, but when the accidents occur often and are caused by carelessness, or perhaps done on purpose, the barrel act is next on the programme.

In the lasting department there are many expert workmen, and some of the lasters are not likely to become unaccustomed to the work as they are in for life. An ordinary prisoner, when learning to last, usually requires seven weeks' practice before he can do good work reasonably fast. Some have learned in five weeks, but such cases are rare. Those who are expert in whatever department they are employed are permitted to do extra work, and receive pay in cash. The prisoners are allowed five ounces of tobacco per week, and when not at work they are allowed to smoke their pipes in the corridors facing their cells, where they promenade or bask in the sun in front of their cell door. This is the universal custom when the prisoner has finished his stint and takes his lay-off rest and recreation.

The prisoners do more or less trading among themselves, money, tobacco, sugar and similar articles being the stock in trade. The male inmates also go in for a little amusement among themselves. One specialty, which affords amusement and a trade combined, is the administering of lashes, one prisoner with another, in exchange for half a cup of sugar, a piece of tobacco or a trinket. One receives the whipping and the sugar, while the others apply the rod and enjoy the fun. Our party was informed that some of the negroes thought nothing of the lash, and would take "thirty-nine" without a flinch. Such ones are not plenty.

Of the white men and women among the prisoners, but few are able to read or write. The greater portion of all who occupy cells in the prison were committed for thieving. This is particularly the case with the women prisoners, who are in a wing of the penitentiary by themselves. The women do stitching, although a good part of the sewing machines are in another part of the prison and are operated by men.—*Lynn (Mass.) Item.*

Expulsion of a Joker.

A witty clown, by name Durow, has just been compelled to leave St. Petersburg for carrying jokes too far. He was giving a performance with a pig trained to various feats. At the man's command the animal took up from the ground a number of Russian coins, including imperials and small silver and copper coins. When, however, some ruble notes were thrown down, the pig refused to pick them up, even though whipped. Great amusement was caused by this discriminating act, and it was intensified as a voice cried from the gallery to the clown: "You blockhead, if the Finance Minister could not raise the paper ruble in four months, how can you expect a pig to do it?" Though a favorite with St. Petersburg audiences, the clown received orders to leave the following day.—*N. Y. Post.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Signor Depretis, the recently deceased Italian Gladstone, was often called by his countrymen "Our Gladstone."

—A lady in this city desires us to say, says the Jackson (Tenn.) *Blade*, to a certain young man who is afflicted with the serenade craze, that unless he ceases his persecutions of her daughter with his amorous midnight caterwaulings she will drop a pot of hot water on his head.

—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew recently received a couple of handsome blue-china vases from the French Government in recognition of his connection with the Bartholdi statue celebration, and as a graceful compliment for his services as orator on that occasion. "It is said the vases are exquisite specimens of workmanship.—*Frank Leslie's.*

—Steam yachts, luxurious luxuries that they are becoming, keep multiplying. Joseph Stickney, of the New York Yacht Club, has just had one built, the Susquehanna, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. She is two-masted, schooner-rigged and measures three hundred tons. By means of the trunk cabin the crew may work the vessel without going on deck.

—The New York *Sun* says there is a fat restaurateur on Sixth avenue who insists that all his waiters shall be fat and sleek. "Why?" he repeated the other day. "Well, I believe that customers are attracted by men who have the appearance of being well fed. Besides, fat waiters are not so irritable as lean ones, and are more obliging. My fat waiters have done much to advertise my grub."

—Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt is the beauty and dasher of all the Vanderbilts. Her social doings have ever had a vim and style undesired, or at least unattained, by any other lady among them. Her toilets, her equipages, her diversions have been always new and sometimes strange, while the others have seemed to strive for privacy, seclusion and quietude. To her is due the conception of this round-the-world splendor.

—Speaking of the dead conjuror, Herrmann, a London paper says: "His tact and audacity were as magnificent as his manipulation. After bringing out four globes of gold fish (larger than any other conjuror has been able to work with) from a cloth, he would go down into the stalls and request spectators to prod his sides and examine his coat-tail pockets, then producing the fifth bowl, which had been lying in the hollow of his back."

—The following recently appeared in the "fish" column of the New York *Tribune:* In 1871, when Mrs. Julia A. Lennon was on her wedding trip, she lost her engagement ring while washing her hands in the toilet room of a Pullman car. A few days ago a Toledo fishmonger, while cleaning some white-fish, found the ring inside of one. It still bore the inscription "J. A. B., Chicago, '69." It is supposed to have passed through the waste pipe as the train was crossing the St. Lawrence and to have been snapped up as it fell.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The Novelty Wore Off.—

He always loved the joys of home,
At home he always tarried,
And never thought abroad to roam
Until he'd been for six months married.
—*Boston Courier.*

—"Here's a hair on your shoulder," said his wife, with an ominous calmness. "Oh—er—yes; I've been playing with the poodle." "John, don't be silly. Flossie is not a brunette poodle."—*Washington Critic.*

—The corpse of an Indiana man exploded and blew the coffin into kindling wood. The fellow had eaten three mince pies just two days before the accident occurred. He can not possibly recover.—*Newman Independent.*

—"George," she said, tenderly, "do you believe in the old saying: 'Out of sight, out of mind?'" "Well, no, not altogether," responded George, hesitatingly. "For instance, take a boil on the back of one's neck."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Yes," said young Featherly, "I induced my girl last night to eat three dishes of ice cream." "Heavens!" exclaimed Dumley, fairly aghast; "you must have been flush. Where were you—at Del's?" "No, at an evening party."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—In the early age of Rome women were prohibited from using wine, and hence their near relations were allowed to salute them with a kiss, in order that they might ascertain by the sense of smell if they had been drinking it. Why not revive this pleasant custom? Only it shouldn't be confined to near relations. That would destroy all the charm.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Ponsonby—"Sir, I have come to request the honor of your daughter's hand in marriage." Pompano—"Impossible! Never will I give my consent." Ponsonby (anxiously)—"Is your decision fixed—irrevocable?" Pompano (firmly)—"It is." Ponsonby (much relieved)—"Thanks, awfully. Nellie has been pestering me to ask you, and I did it just 'to oblige her."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"And will your love for me grow cold," she murmured, "when the leaves fall and the snow hides the green grass and the nodding dandelion?" He looked with dreamy fondness into the azure depths of her trusting brown eyes. "And will there be a stove in the parlor at Christmastide?" he asked softly. "Yes, Alfred." "Then never doubt that my love will burn then with as bright a glow as now in the harvest time," and sealing his vow in a scarcely audible manner he departed, for it chimed midnight.—*Buffalo Courier.*